Miss Nightingale

If I could guefs your heart was flown

being the Answer to

NEVER 'TILL NOW I FELT LOVE'S DART,

the Words by

Mrs. Richd. Chicheley Plowden.

the Mufic by

G. G. FERRARI.

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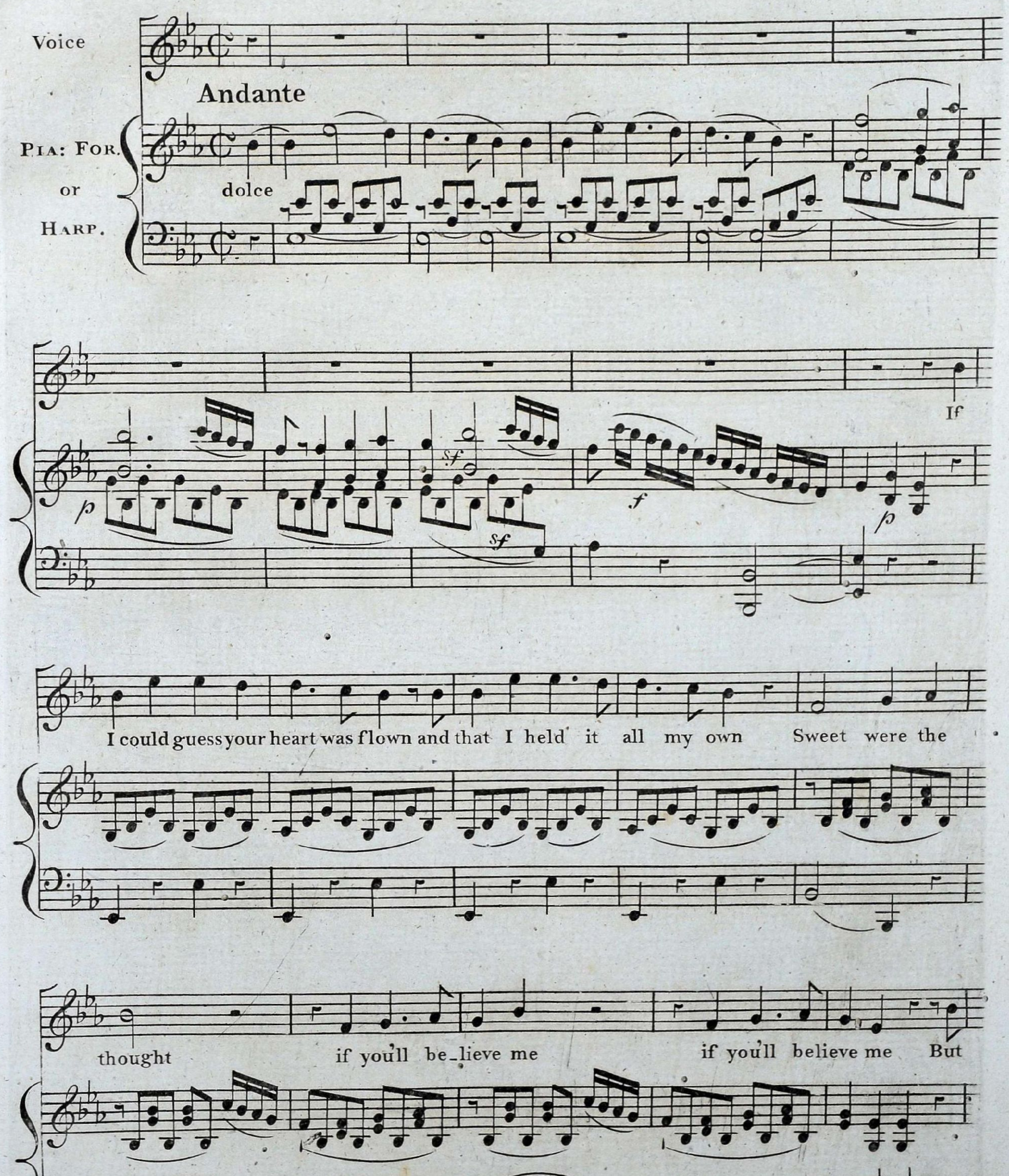
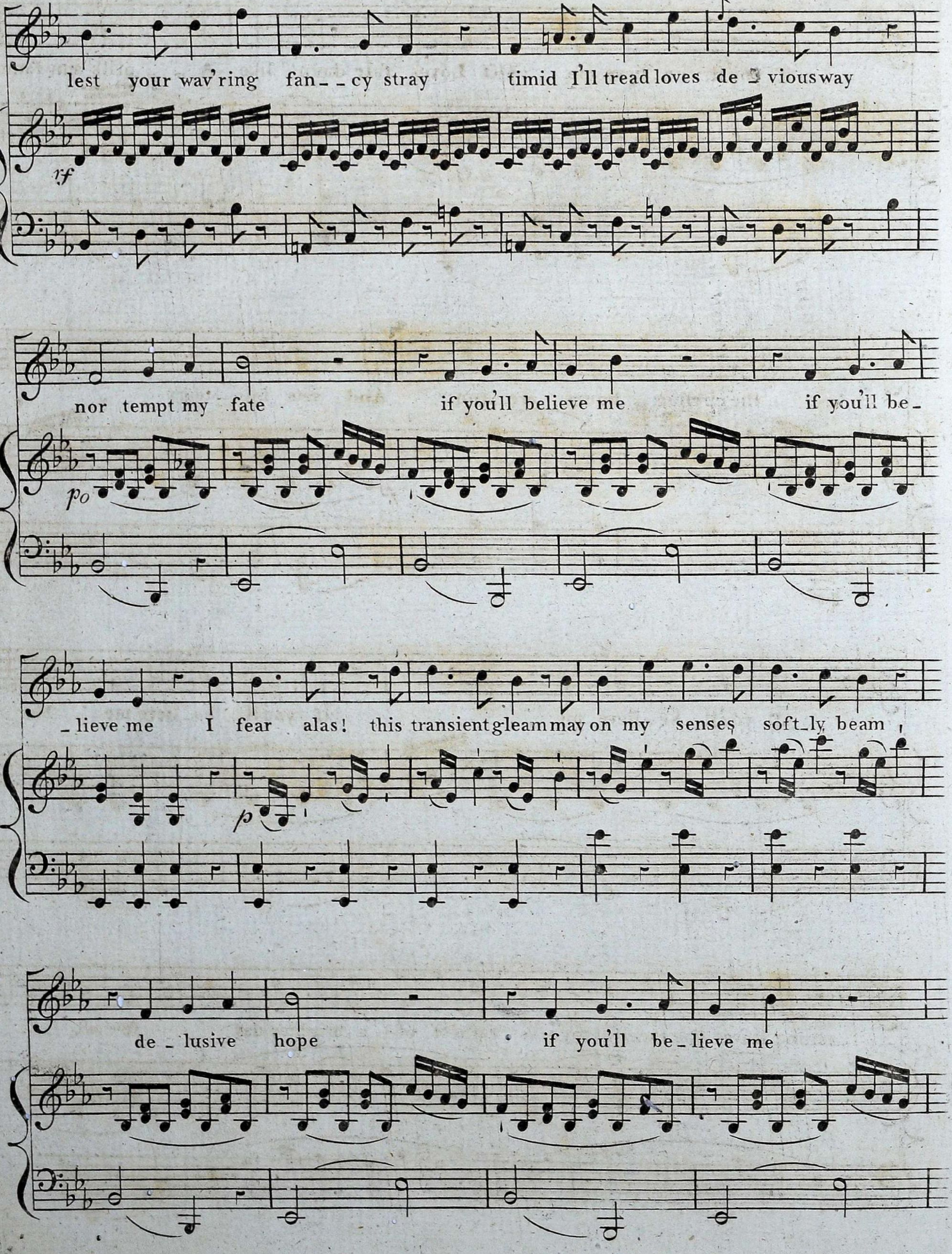
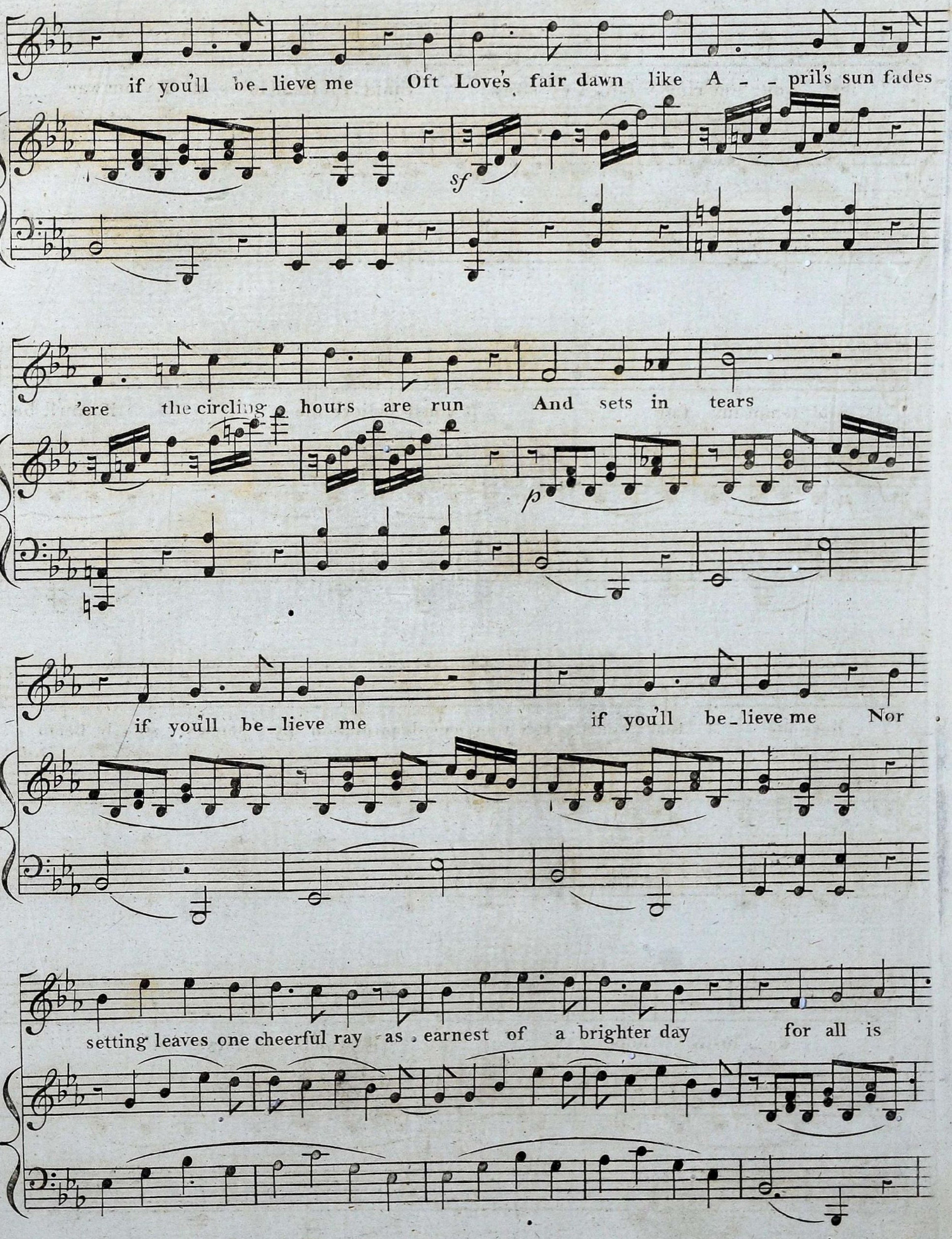
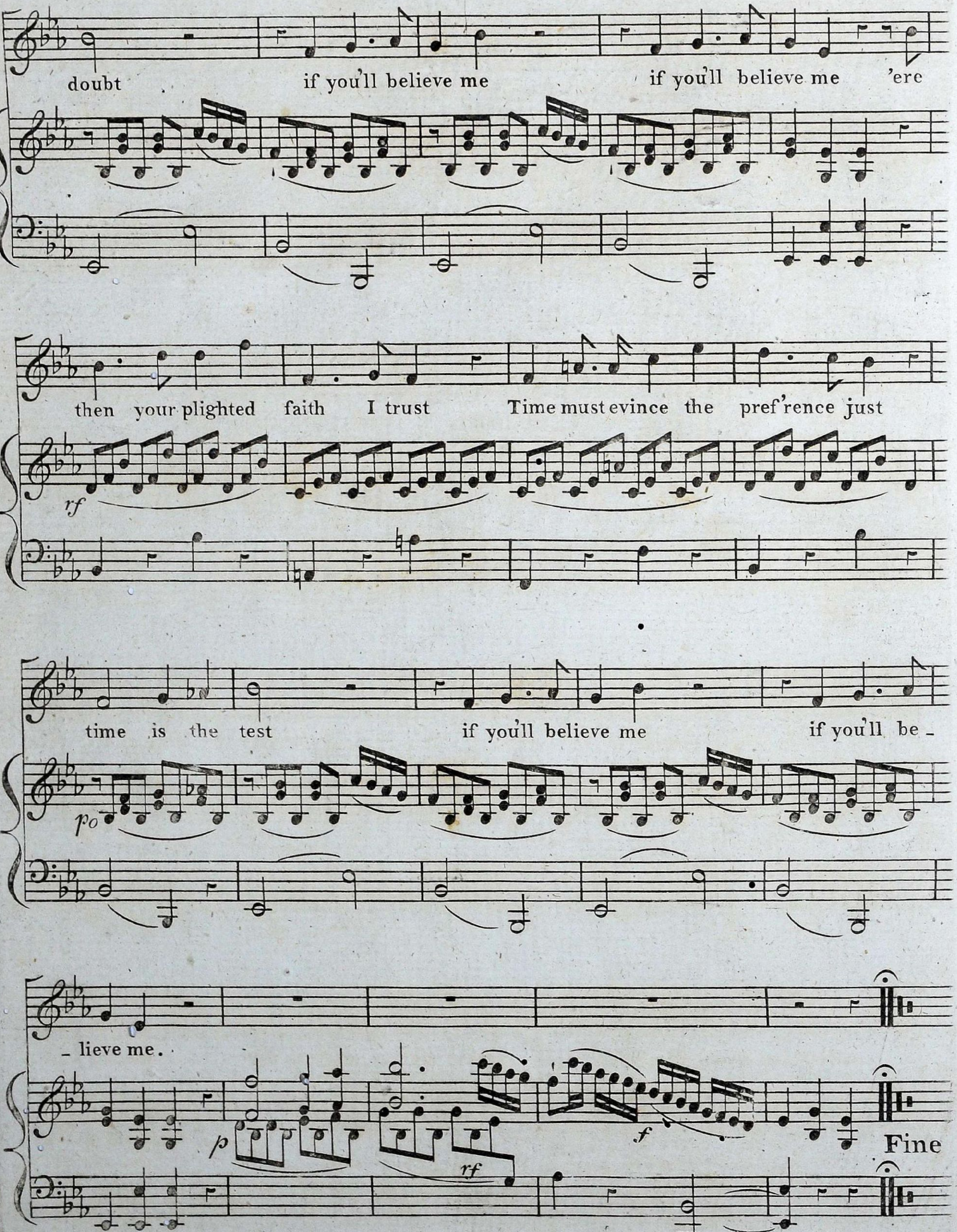

Voice
Andante
Pia: For. or Harp.
dolce
p
sf
f
p
If
I could guess your heart was flown and that I held it all my own Sweet were the
thought if you'll be_lieve me if you'll believe me But


lest your wav'ring fan_ _cy stray timid I'll tread loves de_vious way
rf
nor tempt my fate if you'll believe me if you'll be_
po
_lieve me I fear alas! this transient gleam may on my senses soft_ly beam
p
de_lusive hope if you'll be_lieve me


if you'll be_lieve me Oft Love's fair dawn like A_pril's sun fades
'ere the circling hours are run And sets in tears
if you'll be_lieve me if you'll be_lieve me Nor
setting leaves one cheerful ray as earnest of a brighter day for all is
sf
p


doubt if you'll believe me if you'll believe me 'ere
then your plighted faith I trust Time must evince the pref'rence just
rf
time is the test if you'll believe me if you'll be _
po
_ lieve me.
p
rf
f
Fine